

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner  
BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owner

## A CONFESSION.

Sometimes thur come a crowd o' boys  
a-rampin' past my door;  
Ye'd think they might be Injuns, but they  
yell a good deal more.  
I know jest whur they're goin', 'cause I've  
often went that way  
A-swimmin' whur the sunbeams an' the  
shadders love ter play.  
Afore I think, I'm wonderin' whur my  
pesky hat kin be,  
An' I've purty near holler'd: "Hey, there,  
fellers, wait fer me!"  
Then thur comes the recollection, playin'  
havoc with my plan.  
Thet I can't jine in their merriment, 'caus  
I'm a growed-up man.

It's the same way when they're spinnin'  
tops or sendin' kites on high.  
An' I'm sure I'd win their marbles ef I  
ever was ter try.  
An' ez fur leap-frog, I kin easy call ter  
mind the day  
When no one stood so high thet I was ever  
skeart ter play.  
Of course I stan' up dignified an' tell 'em  
ter be good.  
Ter not talk loud an' allus do their les-  
sons ez they should;  
But, jes' the same, when'er their happy,  
prankish looks I scan  
It hurts me that I can't jine in 'cause I'm  
a-growed-up man.

—Philander Johnson, in Detroit Free  
Press.

## Racing a Prairie Fire.

BY HERBERT MOONEY.

WE WERE a very merry party as  
we bundled into the train at  
Omaha to continue our journey to Cali-  
fornia. In the days already spent on the  
road from New York each one had time  
to make his neighbor's acquaintance  
and know as much about his affairs  
as if he had known him for years.

At the period of which I am writing  
one going to San Francisco by train was  
the hero of a thousand possible ad-  
ventures. If in winter, the train might  
be snowed up or disappear in a drift of  
hundred miles from any station on the  
bleak prairie.

Summer, again, had its own peculiar  
dangers. We might be stopped and  
overturned by a countless herd of buf-  
faloes, or the Indians might take it into  
their heads to tear up the rails. Be-  
sides this, toward the end of a dry,  
hot summer there was the chance of a  
prairie fire. It is about this last that I  
am going to write presently.

Away on either side as far as the eye  
could reach the prairie rolled in billows  
like the ocean—here a yellowish green  
and there varied with patches of scarlet,  
until it met the blue sky in the purple  
of some far-off, dreamy bluff. Now a  
herd of antelope would start off and go  
bounding over the tall, rank grass, fol-  
lowed by the whip-like report of the  
revolver, for the gentlemen on the rear  
platform carried their "shooting irons"  
with them as a matter of course and  
were always ready for a snap shot at  
any passing game.

One lovely day when we were getting  
on at what we thought a pretty fast  
rate—20 miles an hour—the engine sud-  
denly gave several sharp screams and  
the train began to slow up.

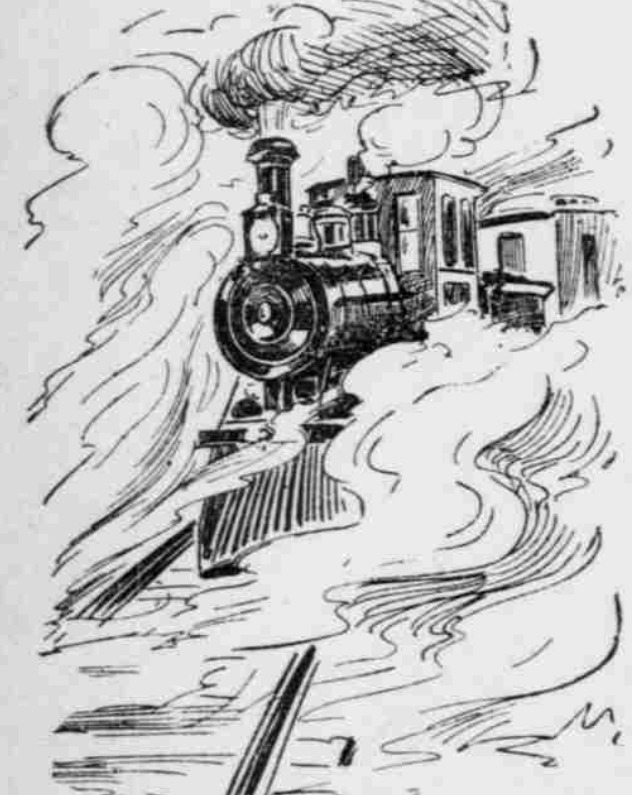
"Are we nearing a station?" asked  
some one.

"No," replied the man with his head  
out of the window; "but look yonder!"

We did look and saw a black cloud  
breaking across the track ahead and  
extending as far as the eye could see  
in one rushing, mighty, irresistible tor-  
rent. It was a herd of buffalo on the  
stampede, and as they went thundering  
along the sound of their hoofs was like  
the booming of artillery.

Until they passed there was no going  
ahead for us, though the engine might  
drive into the herd and pitch a dozen  
of them off the line with the cow-  
catcher; it would soon be brought to a  
standstill by sheer dead weight.

Fortunately it was not a "big herd,"  
so the trainmen informed us—there are  
no herds now, large or small, thanks to  
our wanton slaughter—and so we were



WE WERE RUSHING THROUGH A  
SEA OF FIRE.

soon on our way again, the irrepressi-  
ble ones as usual emptying their re-  
volvers uselessly at the flying animals.  
Shortly after the buffaloes had disap-  
peared there was eager talking and  
anxious consultation with the con-  
ductor, for some of the old hands de-  
clared that the prairie was on fire; they  
could smell it.

But it was not until the shadows of  
evening had gathered about us that it  
became distinctly visible—a thin red  
and yellow line, with flashes shooting  
high into the somber clouds on the  
northern horizon.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the conduc-  
tor, "it's rushing along miles ahead of  
us, and maybe it will cross the track  
before we get through."

We were racing along merrily now,  
but all the northern sky had become one

immense pyrotechnic display, and a  
hissing, crackling noise came down the  
wind with the columns of smoke.

Antelope, deer, coyotes, jack-rabbits,  
prairie-hens, and, in short, all sorts of  
animals and game native to the coun-  
try, came scudding along in wild con-  
fusion and terror, and crossed the track  
to the southward, some being caught  
up by the cow-catcher, and tossed back  
a mangled heap by the side of the track.

It was getting insufferably warm and  
stifling. The windows were all closed  
for fear of the sparks, and the portable  
fire extinguishers were got ready. Day-  
light was quite gone by this time, but  
the whole north was lighted up with a  
blood-red glare, flashing into sheets  
of vivid yellow.

The angry hail of sparks flamed  
against the glass, and glowed threaten-  
ingly upon the roof, while here and  
there little gray clouds of smoke could  
be seen twirling up in thin, spiral col-  
umns through the interstices of the  
doors and windows.

Outside, the roar of flames, the  
cry of wild animals; inside, the sobbing  
of frightened women and children, and  
the choking cough of some weak-  
chested individuals.

The train was dashing along at a  
furious rate, rocking from side to side  
like a mad thing, and the conductor  
remarked, in his hurried passage, that  
the paintwork had caught fire.

The glass in the windows had grown  
hot to the touch. We were rushing  
through a sea of flame. The crying  
and coughing of the women and chil-  
dren became heart-rending, while the  
men stood about in anxious groups,  
peering out into the yellow, lurid light.

Suddenly we were plunged into pro-  
found darkness. It gradually cleared  
away, but we were terrified afresh by  
the strange grinding and jolting of the  
train. Had we run off the rails, and  
were we to be left a burning wreck in  
the middle of this awful scene?

The suspense was great, but only  
lasted for a minute. The door opened  
with a bang, and the voice of the con-  
ductor was heard above the din, say-  
ing:

"Jump out lively, lads! She's on fire  
outside. Bring along your blankets and  
rugs."

We needed no second invitation for  
this, and presently were standing out-  
side, beating at the light flames which  
ran over the cars like will-o'-the-wisps,  
for the paintwork was indeed on fire,  
and blistered, blackened and scorched  
in a thousand places.

In a few more minutes our blankets  
would have been of no avail. As it was  
our handsome train was a sadly-disfig-  
ured object. We opened the windows to  
let in the fresh air and bring out the  
fainting women. All about us, and to  
the northward, the ground was one  
black, arid waste, marked here and  
there by the half-burnt carcass of some  
unfortunate animal, whose fight was  
ineffectual. Southward we saw an ever-  
rolling black cloud, broken at intervals  
by a spark or flash of flame; but the  
luridness and glare were now concealed  
from our view by a black pall of smoke,  
as was the pillar of light from the  
Egyptians.

We thought we had escaped a terrible  
danger, and were loud in our congratu-  
lations; but the conductor only shook  
his head good-humoredly, and seemed  
rather disposed to make light of it. He  
had been through a prairie fire before,  
but admitted that it was not quite so  
close a shave as this.

"The fire must have had a frontage of  
20 miles," he said, "taking it from first  
to last, for we were 30 minutes getting  
clear of it, and I am certain the speed  
was worked up to 20 miles an hour."

We could but admire the conductor's  
courage and coolness in a moment of  
such dreadful peril to every soul on  
board of the train; and we told him  
so with a heartiness and unanimity  
that appeared to please him mightily,  
though he modestly disclaimed all merit  
for simply doing, as he said, what was  
his duty.

An hour after our "great scare" the  
charred and blackened train was again  
rushing forward into the darkness, with  
a hundred restless brains becalmed in  
sleep, and naught between them and the  
dangers of the night save the mercy of  
Heaven and the watchful eye of the  
engineer.—Golden Days.

## A HAUNTED BURGLAR.

Choking Was Done with the Left  
Hand and He Had None.

When quiet was restored the lawyer  
handed the photograph to the jury and  
quietly remarked:

"You may see for yourselves that the  
choking was done with the left hand,  
and you have observed that my client  
has no such member."

He was unmistakably right. The im-  
print of the thumb and fingers, forced  
into the flesh in a singularly ferocious,  
sprawling and awkward manner, was  
shown in the photograph with absolute  
clearness. The prosecution, taken wholly  
by surprise, blustered and made at-  
tempts to assail the evidence, but with-  
out success. The jury returned a ver-  
dict of not guilty.

Meanwhile the prisoner had fainted,  
and his gag and bonds had been re-  
moved, but he recovered at the moment  
when the verdict was announced. He  
staggered to his feet, and his eyes  
rolled; then, with a thick tongue, he ex-  
claimed:

"It was the left arm that did it! This  
one—" holding his right arm as high as  
he could reach—"never made a mistake.  
It was always the left one. A spirit of  
mischievous murder was in it. I cut  
it off in a sawmill, but the spirit stayed  
where the arm used to be, and it choked  
this man to death. I didn't want you to  
acquit me. I wanted you to hang me.  
I can't go through life having this  
thing haunting me and spoiling my  
business and making a murderer of me.  
It tries to choke me while I sleep. There  
it is! Can't you see it?" And he looked  
with wide staring eyes at his left side.  
"Mr. Sheriff," gravely said the judge,  
"take this man before the commis-  
sioners of lunacy to-morrow."—Lippin-  
cott's.

## ENEMIES OF BOOKS.

They Cannot Pick Up a Volume With-  
out Injuring It.

Acquaintance with the contents of  
books is no doubt the most important  
thing in education, but the degree of  
culture to which a person can pretend  
is demonstrated quite as often by his  
treatment of books in their material  
aspect. There are fairly well-informed  
persons whom none of these barbari-  
ties practiced by publishers can dis-  
tress. Muddy type and poor paper,  
scanty margins, edges cut sur le vif,  
hideous bindings—these things are to  
them mere unessential details. Nor,  
if they own volumes of an outward  
merit, worthy of the inward, do they  
treat them with the courtesy which is  
their due. They cannot even take up  
a book casually without injuring it in  
some way. Any bookseller can tell  
wonderful tales of some of his customers  
in this respect. They are, despite all  
the learning they may have, the ene-  
mies of books. He who lends to them  
unwittingly regrets the rash impulse  
of generosity. And the worst of it  
is, that they are beyond salvation. For  
unless one is instructed early in life  
in the care of books he remains a hope-  
less Philistine to the end of his days.  
The old savage instinct is sure to break  
out. In moments of primeval impulse  
he may break a binding or dog-eat a  
leaf.

A manual which has recently been  
published on the care of the private  
library contains so much useful in-  
formation that it is distressing to think  
of it as thrown away. The real book-  
lover, the man who has reached a point  
of culture which distinguishes between  
taste and vulgarity in the manufacture  
of books, will not need to be told that  
leaves must be cut with a proper knife,  
preferably of ivory, and cut through  
to the corners; that not the title-page,  
but the blank fly-leaf, is the place for  
the owner's name; that books must  
not be left lying open face downwards;  
that they are not card-racks, crumb-  
baskets or receptacles for flowers and  
dead leaves; that they should not be  
dusted by slapping them together; that  
they should be kept on shelves, not left  
lying about on tables. But one who  
does not know all this by instinct is  
a well-nigh impossible convert. Per-  
haps a lifetime of labor with such a  
one may result in better minds and  
true repentance in his children. Grow-  
ing up in a bookish atmosphere is al-  
most essential to a right appreciation  
of books. Who ever saw a library fur-  
nished wholesale with new editions in  
new buildings that had the distinctive  
charm such a library ought to have?  
A collection so made carries an air of  
ill-breeding on its face. It is difficult  
to feel the respect due to books in its  
presence.

"If you are in the habit of lending  
books," says the author of this pam-  
phlet, "do not mark them. These two  
habits together constitute an act of  
discretion." Here the true book-lover  
is in a hard position. He likes to lend  
books; the more he thinks of the book,  
the better he likes to lend it; for he  
is unselfish and he wishes others to  
share his joy in it. At the same time  
he cannot contemplate its passage  
through strange hands without a shud-  
der. He has friends, he knows, with  
whom his treasure will be safe. But  
what of those whose carelessness he  
cannot foresee? We have not patience  
with those who say that a book should  
not be lent. If such a rule were fol-  
lowed out, half the pleasure of pos-  
session would vanish. At the same  
time it is a pleasure that is mixed with  
many perilous chances. Yet the least  
obliging owners of books are often  
those who have no real love for them  
—the kind of people who write on mar-  
gins and disfigure title-pages with a  
rubber stamp. It is of little conse-  
quence, really, whether such persons  
own any books at all. — Providence  
Journal.

## BUSHMAN HUNTING OSTRICHES.

No Serpent Can Traverse Grass with  
Less Disturbance.

The Bushman divests himself of all  
his incumbrances; water vessels, food,  
cloak, assegai and sandals are all left  
behind. Stark naked, except for the  
hide patch about his middle, and armed  
only with his bow, arrows and knife,  
he sets forth. The nearest ostrich is  
feeding more than a mile away, and  
there is no covert but the long, sun-  
dried yellow grass, but that is enough  
for the Bushman. Worming himself  
over the ground with the greatest cau-  
tion, he crawls flat on his belly toward  
the bird. No serpent can traverse the  
grass with less disturbance. In the  
space of an hour and a half he has ap-  
proached within 100 yards of the tall  
bird. Nearer he dare not creep on  
his bare plain, and at more than 25  
paces he cannot trust his light reed  
arrows. He lies patiently hidden in  
the grass, his bow and arrows ready  
in front of him, trusting that the ostrich  
may draw nearer.

It is a long wait under the blazing  
sun, close on two hours, but his in-  
stinct serves him, and at last, as the  
sun shifts a little, the great ostrich  
feels that way. It is a magnificent male  
bird, jet black as to its body plumage,  
and adorned with magnificent white  
feathers upon its wings and tail.  
Kwanee's eyes glisten, but he moves  
not a muscle. Closer and closer the  
ostrich approaches. Thirty paces, 25,  
20. There is a light musical twang upon  
the hot air, and a tiny, yellowish ar-  
row sticks well into the breast of the  
gigantic bird. The ostrich feels a  
sharp pang and turns at once. In that  
same instant a second arrow is lodged  
in its side just under the wing feathers.  
Now the stricken bird raises its wings  
from the body and speeds forth into  
the plain. But Kwanee is quite con-  
tent. The poison of those two arrows  
will do its work effectually. He gets  
up, follows the ostrich, tracking it  
after it has disappeared from sight,  
by its spoor, and in two hours the game  
lies there before him in the grass, dead  
as a stone.—Longman's Magazine.

## OLD-TIME FISHING.

When Fish Were Really Plentiful on  
the West Coast of Florida.

"Taking everything into considera-  
tion," said a prominent and well-known  
disciple of Walton recently, "I really  
believe that the coast of Florida pre-  
sents the most attractive appearance  
from a fishing point of any section of  
the gulf. I remember a number of  
years ago, before the present Florida  
resorts had sprung into being, taking  
a month off just for the purpose of in-  
vestigating the fishing grounds of that  
coast. Now, I pride myself that I know  
something about fish. In fact, what I  
don't know about fish ain't worth  
knowing, and when I tell you that I  
have seen sheephead so thick in the  
little rivulets along the coast that I  
couldn't get a skiff into them, why  
you can rest assured that I am telling  
you the truth. There are more fish  
than the ordinary mind can well con-  
ceive of. Numbers and species there  
are without end.

"It was a common thing for me to  
catch red fish so fast that my line never  
had time to get wet, and as for Spanish  
mackerel, why all I had to do was to  
move a little bit of red flannel over  
the side of the boat and the fish would  
jump for it so fast that they would follow  
the rag into the boat until I was almost  
covered with mackerel. At one time  
during my visit, a number of vessels  
were stranded on what was thought to  
be a new shoal. The ships would rest  
for possibly an hour at a time without  
moving, and then would suddenly seem  
to slip into deep water. It was very  
mysterious, but the matter was cleared  
up by the discovery that an immense  
school of yellow tails or horse mackerel  
had invaded the bay, and at times would  
pack so densely that the vessels would  
really strand upon the living shoal.  
Catching trout was child's play. I  
would attach a large number of hooks to  
short strands of line, fasten them to a  
piece of wood, and throw the combi-  
nation into the water. I would pull  
it out in less than a minute and every  
hook would contain a trout. Mullet  
were a drug on the market. An enter-  
prising packer towed a barge into the  
channel one night and filled it by mere-  
ly holding a lantern over the side of  
the boat. The mullet will frequently  
leap at a light, and on the occasion in  
question they seemed to be seized with  
a panic, and it was a wonderful sight  
to see the stream of mullet which  
poured into the barge from the waters  
of the bay.

"Yes, sir, there is no place on the  
coast that can compare with that of  
Florida when it comes to fish and fish-  
ermen, and the latter are hard to beat."  
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

## ONE CENT A YEAR.

Remarkable Spike-Work Contract Se-  
cured by a Yankee.

A question which may give the post  
office authorities at Washington con-  
siderable trouble is how they are going  
to arrange the quarterly payments of  
Mail Contractor Sawyer. Sawyer began  
on July 1 his contract of carrying the  
mail between Freedom and Center Os-  
sipee, N. H., the nearest railroad sta-  
tion, for one cent a year. As the mail  
contractors are paid quarterly, the  
question has arisen at Washington how  
Sawyer is to be paid, but the depart-  
ment is understood to have passed it  
over for the time being, as the officials  
say they are not crossing a bridge until  
they come to it.

Another interesting phase of this  
novel mail contract is being discussed  
by the patrons of the office. The ques-  
tion is being asked how the depart-  
ment is going to retain any of the con-  
tract money in the event of Sawyer  
missing a trip. Uncle Sam is very close-  
fisted in these matters. The mail con-  
tract is an ironclad agreement and ex-  
cuses don't go for not collecting or de-  
livering mail. For each trip that is  
missed Uncle Sam reserves a portion of  
the contract money. The probabilities  
are that payment for the first three-  
quarters in Sawyer's case will be om-  
itted, and for the year ending on June  
30, 1898, the whole cent will be remitted.

There is an interesting story con-  
nected with this mail contract. For six  
years Charles B. Danforth carried the  
mail between Freedom and Center Os-  
sipee. Danforth runs the stage coach  
and local express between this town  
and Rochester, N. H. He received \$160  
a year from the post office department  
for the work. Freedom is almost nine  
miles from Center Ossipee. Carrying  
the mail means that the carrier must  
be up with the birds and drive over  
the rough country roads, meeting the  
first east-bound train at Center Ossipee  
at seven a. m. The mail from Bos-  
ton arrives at one p. m., and by the  
time it is delivered at Freedom it is  
nearly three p. m. This has to be done  
every day in the year except Sunday.  
There were several bids for the place  
this year. Danforth has a mortal en-  
emy named Sawyer, who is also his neighbor.  
He heard Sawyer was after his job.  
So as to be sure of beating Sawyer  
he put his figure at five dollars a year.  
When the bids were opened later he  
was chagrined to learn that Sawyer's  
bid was one cent a year. Sawyer got  
the contract, and on July 1 entered  
upon the performance of his new du-  
ties. Sawyer has no business that calls  
him to the railroad center daily, so this  
is one of the cases in which a man is  
willing to work for nothing to spite a  
neighbor.—N. Y. Sun.

## His Hot Retort.

"There is a New York man who gives  
away brides for a living," she said.  
"I thought there was a law against  
the operations of professional confi-  
dence men," he replied.  
The next morning when breakfast  
was late and nearly everything burned  
he recalled that remark and wished he  
hadn't made it.—Chicago Post.

## Thoughtful Creatures.

Betty—You see, chickens are what I  
call accommodat'ion critters. You can  
eat 'em afore they're born or you can  
eat 'em after they're dead.—Pick-Me-  
Up.

## WANTED TO CUT LOOSE.

People of Kansas City Once Planned  
to Get Into Kansas.

The recently forwarded plan of Ed  
C. Little, who is private secretary to  
Gov. Leedy, of Kansas, to slice half a  
mile off the western edge of Missouri  
and paste it onto Kansas with the aid  
of a government survey, has resurrected  
an interesting bit of ancient history  
of the time when Kansas City was so  
anxious to get into Kansas that she  
wanted just seven times as big a  
change made as Mr. Little asks. It is  
Mr. Little's contention that the divid-  
ing line of the two states was drawn  
from the Missouri river north of Kan-  
sas City and thence straight south.  
Since the original survey was made of  
the line the river north of Kansas City  
has so shifted its course that land  
formerly half a mile east of the river  
is now in the bottom of it and the river  
bed half a mile west has been made  
into farm land. Mr. Little holds that  
the line should have shifted with the  
river, and is now in Washington push-  
ing his proposition.

Rev. Father Dalton, of the Annun-  
ciation church, was in Kansas City and  
well remembers the attempt made by  
her citizens in 1875 to have a strip 3½  
miles in width taken from Missouri  
and given to Kansas.

There was in Kansas City at the  
time a home for confederate orphans.  
The land for this home had been de-  
eded to the state by Mrs. Johnstone Ly-  
kens, and the state was to support the  
institution. For some reason the Mis-  
souri legislature sent an investigation  
committee here, and upon its report  
that the home was worthless ordered it  
closed and the property deeded back  
to Mrs. Lykens. In other ways was  
Kansas City slighted by the Missouri  
legislature in the matter of patronage,  
and it was as a measure of retaliation  
that the citizens began the agitation of  
a plan to make it a part of Kansas.

A resolution was passed by the city  
council asking the Kansas legislature  
to aid in the matter, and a delegation of  
prominent citizens went to Topeka and  
presented the petition, but nothing was  
ever done with it. Then the Kansas  
congressmen took the matter up and  
undertook to get a resurvey of the  
boundary line, which would have  
thrown 3½ miles of Jackson county  
into Kansas. This would have taken  
all of Kansas City and more, for her  
eastern limit then was Woodland av-  
enue. Kansas was booming at the time,  
and the idea was that since St. Louis  
seemed to have the pull at Jefferson  
City, Kansas City had rather be first  
in Kansas, as she believed she could be,  
than be second in Missouri. The ef-  
forts at Washington proved futile, too,  
and after a year of agitation the matter  
was dropped, but it resulted in sear-  
ing the Missouri legislature and state into  
wholesome recognition of Kansas City  
and her greatness. Father Dalton, who  
is conversant with the history of the  
west, says the boundary line was estab-  
lished on the corner stone at the south-  
west corner of the state, with which  
Kansas has nothing to do, and that  
the changes of the Missouri river can  
have no effect upon it.—Kansas City  
Times.

## QUEER FIGHTING IN THE AIR.

Fish Was Out of Its Element and the  
Hawk Won.

Persons in the vicinity of Kirkwood  
Park, Del., on a recent afternoon wit-  
nessed a battle in midair between a  
fish hawk and a large carp which the  
bird had taken from the water. For a  
week or more regular visitors to the  
park have noticed the hawk come up  
the Brandywine every afternoon on  
a fishing expedition. He was always  
successful, but usually caught small  
fish, which soon perished in its talons.

The hawk one day lately caught  
larger game than he expected, and  
there was a terrific battle, which lasted  
fully 20 minutes and was witnessed  
by a large crowd. The bird was first  
seen flying gracefully through the air.  
Suddenly it dived toward the water.  
It came up with a large carp in its  
claws, and the fish was fully as long as  
the bird, and appeared to weigh about  
six pounds. The bird, with its prey,  
started up in the air, but the fish ob-  
jected, and then began the battle.

First the bird had the advantage,  
and then the fish would appear to be  
on top. The bird repeatedly sank its  
hooked beak into the carp, but the fish  
was full of fight. It twisted and  
scurried, and all the hawk could do  
was to pose in the air and peck at the  
fish. Finally, with one mighty effort,  
the fish gave a big twist and escaped  
from the bird's talons. It fell toward  
the water and the hawk dived after it.  
When the fish struck the water it  
was so badly injured that it could not  
get away before the bird was upon it.  
This time the hawk got a better hold  
upon its prey, and after sinking its talons  
deep into its body, picked it with its  
hooked beak until the fish was ap-  
parently dead. The bird then flew  
down the stream and disappeared in  
the direction of the Delaware river.—  
Wilmington News.

## America's Many Languages.

Dr. D. G. Brinton, the archaeologist,  
said in a recent lecture that in North  
and South America no less than 120 or  
130 absolutely distinct languages exist.  
As the growth of language is very slow,  
he thinks the fact of the existence of  
so great a variety of speech on the west-  
ern continents proves that the native  
red men have inhabited them for many  
thousands of years. Another proof of  
the antiquity of the American Indians,  
according to Dr. Brinton, is the fact  
that they represent a distinct human  
type, and the formation of such a type  
requires thousands of years.—Youth's  
Companion.

## It Might Have Happened.

She—I am sure you had too much  
champagne when you called on me  
yesterday afternoon.

He—Yes; I thought I'd just look  
around to-day to see if I was engaged  
to you.—Collier's Weekly.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Delicacy—"She used to be so deli-  
cate before she took to the wheel."

"Well, she's indelicate enough now."—  
Detroit Journal.

—The Captain (boisterously)—  
"Come, old man, brace up! What's  
got into you?" Passenger—"If you  
don't put me ashore you'll very soon  
see."—Life.

—"What makes you think there are  
appletrees in the vicinity of the north  
pole?" "Why, Andree's balloon has  
got to have something to come down in."  
—Chicago Record.

—The Professor's Soliloquy—"Yes,  
my memory is certainly getting better.  
Now I remember distinctly enough that  
my wife told me to tie a string about  
this finger. If I only could think what  
for!"—Judge.

—A political speaker accused a rival  
of "unfathomable meanness," and then,  
rising to the occasion, said: "I warn  
him not to persist in his disgraceful  
course, or he'll find that two of us can  
play at that game!"—Tit-Bits.

—Ruth—"I understand Percy High-  
life has stopped trying to trace back  
his family tree. I suppose the further  
back he went the harder it got?" Fred-  
dy—"Yes—and the further back he  
went the harder his ancestors got, too."  
—Puck.

—Philanthropist—"I am surprised  
that a lady of your refinement and good  
impulses should wear a dead bird upon  
her hat." The Offending One—"But  
then, you see, a live bird would fly  
away unless it were tied on, and that  
would be cruel, you know."—Boston  
Transcript.

—Not Necessary—"I have just had  
a note from Willie's teacher," said Mrs.  
Parvenue, "and she says that he is very  
deficient in spelling." "What in thun-  
der is he studying spelling for?" de-  
manded Mr. Parvenue, angrily. "Does  
his teacher mean to insinuate that he  
won't be rich enough to hire a type-  
writer?"—Chicago Evening Post.

## THE CONDUCTOR'S HANDS.

"Filthy Lucre" Keeps Their Fingers  
and Palms Hopelessly Stained.

Persons who have noticed how great-  
ly in need of being laved the hands of  
cable car conductors invariably are  
have possibly rushed to unjust and un-  
charitable conclusions. Those be-  
grimed palms tinged with yellowish  
green are a decisive demonstration that  
money is indeed "filthy lucre."

"It don't do no good to wash 'em,"  
said one of the conductors to whom the  
matter had been as delicately broached  
as possible. "In the first place, you  
couldn't get 'em real clean if you tried,  
after they've got stained in with all  
them coppers and nickels and dirty sil-  
ver and bills. It is a caution how that  
greenish stuff do go through your  
hands and stick to 'em. Talk about hot  
water and scrubbing brush and soap—  
they can't budge it. You can take the  
skin off, but there's that coppery color  
all the same. I don't expect ever to get  
my hands clean ag'in—specially my  
right one. When I first come on the  
road I washed my hands at the end of  
every run, but before I'd finish half the  
trip back they'd be as black as yel-  
low and green as they had been before.  
I didn't get no credit for having washed  
'em; it didn't do no good; it was a lot  
of bother, and so I give it up. I see  
people looking at my hand when I hold it  
out for fare, as if they was cogahtin'  
where I come from, and